

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



MRS. DOROTHY HEIZER . . . of Essex Fells, New Jersey, makes exquisite miniature figures of people, many of them famous. Na-
tality is too trivial for her to try to get ex-
actly right, and she spends much of her ex-
istence in research. Here (photographed with one of
the simplest of her creations) she gathers data
for the Javanese dancer, which she's shown
making inside. See article, starting page 10

MARGARET SULLIVAN AND WALTER PIDGION . . . are more than just chums in "The Shopworn Angel," which our reviewer picks
as a best-selling item with the female trade



GORDON H. PIKE . . . United States customs
agent in New York, is a past master at out-
witting those to whom duty is something to be
evaded. "Hide and Seek" tells why Pike's
peek has been many a traveler's downfall





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Fisher's
FRESH FISH FILLETS

The Family Circle

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE MORE THAN 1,425,000

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau
Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, Art R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

WE are grateful to Lazell Brown, 234½ N. Newlin Ave., Whittier, California, for sending us this reprint poem.

YOU GIVE ME WINGS!

*I mount up with the morning,
My hand in yours, a song upon my lips.
Upward I climb, the lower levels scorning,
Not fearing stumbling feet or treacherous
slips.
You give me wings!*

*There lies the earth below us.
I breathe a higher and a purer air.
My heart goes forth to meet you, calm, vic-
torious,
Forgetting littleness and petty care.
You give me wings!*

*A wondrous gift and glorious,
For when within your own I place my hand,
Forgotten are the lowlands in the valley,
And it is on the mountaintop I stand!*

HERE'S a heartening letter from George A. Beunell, 223 Turk St., San Francisco, California. "As a reader of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE, it is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity to extend to you my sincere thanks for the many happy hours it has brought me. Things that help to make life worth while are not always for sale, it seems. To me, your magazine is worth its weight in gold."

"Acting on the premise that it is more blessed to give than to receive, I would like to share with your thousands of good readers these quotations."

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

—MONTESQUIEU

In spite of the stores of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-banded road, dare follow
the vision!

—EDWIN MARKHAM

OUR thanks to Mrs. John R. Dykes, Box 1123, Stockton, California, for sending these quotations.

It is better to say, "This thing I do" than to say, "These 40 things I dabble in."

—WASHINGTON GLADEN

Success in life depends upon staying power. The reason for failure in most cases is lack of perseverance. Men get tired and give up.

—J. R. MILLER

WRITES Mrs. R. J. Miller of Alameda, California, "Our family awaits eagerly your visit to our home each Friday."

"I enclose a verse which I clipped from a Spokane paper years ago and which always reminds me of my father-in-law, who lived with us and helped so lovingly with my two small children."

GRANDPA TAKES TIME

*Someone there is always patient to listen
When baby syllables chime.
Father's away much, and Mother is busy.
Grandpa will wait to take time.*

*Grandpa knows how to make capital pin-
wheels,
Keep the toy ship on its keel,
Mend my furniture, dry up the tear ducts,
And little folks' grievances heal.*

*Grandpa will help when the dollies lie broken,
And when the kite just won't fly.
Grandpa is thoughtful, and ever so willing,
When a wee world goes awry.*

—JULIA M. MARTIN

"HERE is a poem which means a lot to me," writes Howard Hinkel, 13125 Cantara St., Van Nuys, California, in sending us this reprint verse. "I have a little girl, not yet three years old, and she has taught me that it takes three or more to make a real home."

FUNDAMENTAL

*"What makes a home?"
I asked my little boy,
And this is what he said,
"You, Mother, and when Father comes,
Our table set all things,
And my bed.
And Mother,
I think it's home,
Because we love each other."*

*You, who are old and wise,
What would you say
If you were asked that question?
Tell me, pray.*

*And, simply, as a little child, the old
We're one can answer nothing more,
"A man, a woman, and a child;
Their love,
Warm as the gold hearthfire
Along the floor;
A table and a lamp for light;
And smooth white beds at night—
Only the old, sweet fundamental things."*

*And long ago I learned
Home may be near, home may be far,
But it is anywhere that love
And household treasures are.*

LUCILLE JOHNSON, 6053 Yucca St., Hollywood, California, sends this contribution, for which we are indeed grateful.

FENCES

*A fence encloses what is dear,
Separates the heart from fear,
Gathers all the good things near,
And makes a home.*

*A fence will limit wandering feet,
Edge a new plot, bound a street,
Keep growing efforts firm and neat,
And guard a home!*

—JEAN MC CRAE

WE are indebted to Edna Caywood of Broken Bow, Nebraska, for sending us this reprint verse.

*I'm very little, so they say,
I dearly love to run and play,
And yet I think it's pleasant, too,
To have a little task to do.*

*It makes me feel so big and strong
To know that I can help along.
It makes me smile all through and through
To have a little task to do!*

MRS. ALBERT LARSON, 1804 Carmichael Way, Sacramento, California, writes, "Each issue of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE is warmly welcomed in our home for its many fine articles, stories, and menu helps. In turn, I would like to share with others this fine verse which originally appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and which holds inspiration for the older homemakers as well as the newest ones."

PRAYER OF A NEW HOUSEKEEPER
Help me to keep my home so neat and shin-

*ing
That folk who enter it will pause and say,
"She loves this place, her fingers touch it
gently."
Her pride in it will never fade away!"
When I am quite alone and very busy
At unaccustomed tasks, may each one seem
A small adventure to be met with laughter—
The bright beginning of a happy dream!*

*Oh, never let my spirit grow impatient,
Because there is so little time for rest;
And never let me choose an easy method,
When I am sure the hardest one is best;
And keep me from forgetting that the beauty
Of flowers compensates me for their care;
But, most of all, make this new home a
treasure*

That I am eager every day to share!

—MARGARET E. SANBSTER

BELMONT MILLER, 1429 N. Lincoln St., Stockton, California, tells us that he hopes we will never stop printing THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE. (Some of these hot summer days we feel as if we'd like to stop—just for a little while.) We appreciate Mr. Miller's kindness in sending us this verse.

MY TREASURE TROVE

*Two eyes of blue, two eyes of brown,
And hair of brown and gold,
Four ruby lips, and teeth of pearl—
My world's wealth is told.
What care I whether stocks go up
Or whether stocks go down,
My wealth in value surely grows—
Two hands of gold and brown.*

*Pose little soiled and loving hands,
And four small grimy feet,
But you may search the world and find
No thing to me so sweet,
Two little boys in overalls
Are sitting at my feet.
I envy none in all the world—
My joy is quite complete!*

—ETHEL S. MILLER

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for whom the CLASSED edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC., 14700-14702 E. 12TH AVE., DENVER, CO. J. R. MILLER, PRESIDENT; HARRY H. EVANS, EDITOR; JULIA LEE WRIGHT, DIRECTOR, HOMEMAKERS' BUREAU. NEW YORK CITY: 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.; AND 808 PINE AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1938 BY THE FAMILY CIRCLE, INC. TITLE REGISTERS U. S. PATENT OFFICE. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

His Honor

THE

Judge

WHEN JUDGE ROBBINS PASSED

UP THE PLUM FROM THE PO-

LITICAL PIE, THEY THOUGHT

THEY STILL HAD HIM. BUT HE

AGAIN DID THE UNEXPECTED

BY MYLES D. BLANCHARD

THE late November wind swept down the valley and beat at the windowpanes of the old Robbins house in an eager but vain effort to enter. Judge Ben Robbins glanced at the grandfather's clock in the corner of his library. He could read another chapter of the Book of the Month before retiring. The fire in the huge fireplace was turning to embers and the Judge stirred it carefully and then threw a small log on it before he settled himself in his favorite wing chair.

Suddenly above the howl of the wind he heard Jeff barking. Judge Robbins looked out of the old Dutch windows toward the street. A car had pulled up in front of the house and a man was getting out. Jeff became louder in his protests. This was no time of night for visitors—even a young pup would have known that, and Jeff, no pup, was inclined to enforce a strict observance of the proprieties.

In another second the brass knocker on the front door set up a vibration which resounded throughout the low frame house. A gust of cold wind struck Judge Robbins in the face as he opened the door in answer to the summons.

A tall, angular man stood dimly framed against the darkness.

"Is this Judge Robbins' home?" the stranger asked.

"I'm Judge Robbins."

The man nodded. "My name is Crawford. Your dog..." Jeff's barking drowned out his words.

"Stop it, Jeff," ordered Judge Robbins. Jeff stopped barking but kept a watchful eye on the late night visitor.

"I've come up from the capital to see you, Judge," Crawford said as he stepped into the reception hall. "I know it's late, but what I have to say has to be said tonight."

The Judge led Crawford into the library. The man's age, Judge Robbins estimated, must be about 50. There was a suavity about him which instantly put the Judge on his guard. Crawford's yellowish-gray hair was combed tightly to his oval-shaped head, and the Judge thought his eyes seemed a mite shifty.

Judge Robbins motioned to a chair and Crawford sat down.

"I suppose you're wondering what brings me here at this time of night," Crawford began.

"Well, it is a bit late for callers," answered the Judge.

"I doubt if you've ever heard of me."

The Judge probed his memory. Crawford. . . . But the name meant nothing to him.

The visitor looked about furtively. "We're alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

Crawford gazed steadily at the Judge for a second and then spoke measuredly. "I have been sent up here," he said, "by the nominating committee of the convention. I thought we might have a chat, if you're in the mood for listening."

The Judge opened a leather cigar case and offered a smoke to his visitor. "For years," he said, "listening has been a great part of my business. Go on."

Crawford smiled. "Just how long have you been on the bench, Judge?"

"About 15 years."

Crawford settled back in his chair. "And before that you practiced law how long in this village of Little Falls?"

"Almost 20 years," answered the Judge.

The other shook his head. "Thirty-five years buried in a small town while the State has needed men of your caliber in important positions!" He drew on his cigar and let the smoke waft to the ceiling. "I think there comes a time in the life of every man when he must heed the call to enlarged service, don't you?" He eyed the Judge.

"What do you mean?" Judge Robbins asked cautiously.

Crawford smiled. "That's coming straight to the point, and that's what we like about you, Judge—there's no beating about the bush with you." He leaned forward and lowered his voice. "I wonder how you'd like to step up a bit. Say into the Seventh District Court?"

"You mean . . .?"

"Exactly. I guess it takes you off your feet a little, doesn't it? I know how you feel—I was once buried in a small town like this, and I thought I'd stay buried, but I finally made the right connections. Men like us shouldn't hide our lights under a bushel, Judge. And I've come up to tell you that you no longer need to waste your judicial ability. The boys have been watching you and they're satisfied . . ."

THE Judge leaned forward and laid new logs on the fire. He always liked to watch the flames lick up around the fresh fuel. For a brief moment they seemed to build air castles, and then they died down and the castles were gone. The flames, it occurred to him, were a little like life itself. Life has its shining castles which often fade away as quickly as they spring up. The Judge checked his reverie.

"You were saying?" he prompted.

His visitor stared at him. "You mean you didn't hear?"



"I'm sorry—that fire sort of got me."

The other appeared disturbed. "I was telling you that the nominating committee sent me up here to sound you out on the matter of becoming judge of the Superior Court of the Seventh District."

Judge Robbins stretched himself. "That's all very fine, Mr. Crawford, but you and I know, and so does the committee, that judgeships in this State are appointive, and that the committee can't give me anything or promise me anything. Now, just what is it that you want to say to me?"

Crawford stirred uneasily. "It's really simple, Judge. The committee, as you may have heard, is going to nominate Bill Partridge for Governor."

"Why, you old pussyfooting goloot!" he almost shouted. "You'll be ruined so quick—"

Just then something sudden happened. An orn shot out barking, grabbed the calf of his leg

"That has nothing to do with me."

"But it has," countered Crawford.

"The chairman of the committee has a great deal of influence with Partridge. A word from him, and—well,

the judgeship of a superior court is an important position, and it pays well."

There was a long silence before Judge Robbins spoke. "I want to get this straight. You're here to bribe me?"

Crawford started and his face became extremely red.

"Not at all, Only—"

"Mind if I think out loud?"

"Why—"

"Thanks." The Judge leaned back in his chair and placed the fingers of his hands tip to tip. "That committee. . . ." The Judge's eyes

(Please turn the page)

ILLUSTRATED BY WAYNE COLVIN

were closed and he spoke quietly. "Jerome Manning is chairman of it, and Bert Attlebury of this town is on it. And then there's Max Wilson from Greenville—he's a puppet." The Judge continued to think out loud. "Now, Jerome Manning is one of the cleverest lawyers in this State." He opened one eye and squinted at Crawford. "And in case you don't believe that, Mr. Crawford, you have only to ask him and he'll confirm it. Did you ever notice the way he struts in a courtroom, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest?" The Judge said his eye and went back to thinking. "Bert Attlebury," he went on. "Towns most of the stock in the Little Falls Water Company, and he's been trying to get hold of some land for a new reservoir up in the hills. A dummy purchaser has been buying up the land for almost nothing, because the folks on it were down-right poor. And he's now got all of the land they need—all that is, except what's owned by Patricia Babcock. And when Bert Attlebury couldn't get hers for a song, he went down to the legislature and got a law passed condemning her property, and now she'll get even less for it than he offered her originally. Attlebury, it seems, is trying to teach Patricia a lesson in high finance."

THE visitor wasn't enjoying the Judge's recital and he looked uneasily at his host.

The Judge roused himself. "I'll have to ask your forgiveness for thinking out loud like this, but—" He stopped short. "By the way, have you ever seen Pat Babcock?"

Crawford shook his head. "Well, now, that's too bad," the Judge remarked. "Pat's the prettiest girl in these parts. She came into that property on the death of her father, and at 23 she certainly knows her business. Mighty pretty girl." He

closed his eyes again. "If you don't mind, I'll think some more."

Judge Robbins talked quietly on. "Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock I have a hearing on an injunction which Pat has moved to have granted against Attlebury's water company. She's determined to test that law. And if she wins, the company stands to be left holding the bag with a lot of land that'll be practically useless to it. That would be bad for the water company, wouldn't it?" He looked at Crawford.

"Well—" Crawford began. "Now," interrupted the Judge, "this smart lawyer Manning represents Mr. Attlebury's water company, and he will certainly be up here tomorrow morning. Won't he?" The Judge suddenly barked.

Crawford started. "Why, I suppose so." "And," the Judge resumed quietly, "being a smart lawyer—the kind that the Bar Association would like to get rid of but can't, because he is so smart—he wants to make certain that the motion for the injunction is denied. And his determination not to miss a trick is what makes Manning a smart lawyer, isn't it, Mr. Crawford?"

"See here . . ." Crawford spat out lamely. JUST then Jeff poked his way into the room and stopped short at the sight of Crawford, as if he had forgotten the Judge had a visitor. Then the dog came in warily and went to the Judge's side and lay down, tying Crawford.

"If I should find against the water company," continued Judge Robbins, "there'd be a big chance of their losing their appeal in the Superior Court, what with the judgeship of that court now being open and the possibility that Partridge may not be the next Governor." The Judge looked down at Jeff. "Is that right, Jeff?"

The dog growled and the Judge went on. "If I should find against the pretty girl and for the water company, and if Partridge is elected, then my reward will be Manning's recommendation that I have the plim."

"There is another way—" Crawford began, but caught himself and stopped.

The Judge nodded. "Yes, I see that, too. I could be sick in the morning. My associate, Judge Perkins, could sit. If he found for the water company, all right. If he didn't, and later on I sat on the higher court bench, I could reverse him."

Crawford was smiling now. "Precisely! Only . . ."

"Only it would be better if I sit and find for the company now, because there's a slight chance—very slight, of course—that Partridge may not go in, and in that case the higher court judgeship wouldn't be in the bag."

"Exactly. . . ."

"And because of that possibility you have some money with you which you would like to offer in lieu of the higher position."

Crawford reached into his inner pocket. "As a matter of fact, Judge, I have brought some money."

The Judge looked at Jeff, still lying at his side. "It's better to leave no doubts, don't you think, Jeff?"

The dog looked up at his master and wagged his tail.

CRAWFORD had an envelope in his hand. "I didn't think this would come out quite so nicely as it has, and I'm glad we're not going to have any doubts about it. The envelope . . ."

Judge Robbins stroked Jeff's ear. "Aren't dogs intelligent, Mr. Crawford?"

(Please turn to page 9)

ANY WOMAN'S A FOOL TO SCRUB CLOTHES IN THIS SCORCHING WEATHER—



Cup for cup, New Rinso gives over 25% more suds

EVEN IN hardest water the New Rinso quickly whips up into richer, faster-acting suds than the old. In as little as 10 minutes these suds soak clothes amazingly clean without hard scrubbing and boiling. Yes Rinso is safe even for overnight soaking. And white clothes come at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps get them! Washable colors stay bright and gay.

If you will send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. R7484, Cambridge, Mass., they will send you a useful gift. This offer expires September 12, 1958.



AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

VEGETABLES

Artichokes
Asparagus
Beans, string
Beets
Broccoli
Brussels sprouts
Cabbage, creamed
Carrots, celery
Cauliflower, peas
Celery
Corn fritters
Cucumbers, fried
Eggplant
Mushrooms
Onions
Parsnips
Peas, creamed
Rutabagas, mashed
Savoykale
Spinach
Squash
Succotash
Swiss chard
Tomatoes, grilled
Turnips

STARCHES

POTATOES
Au gratin
Baked
Boiled
Browned
Creamed
Escalloped
French fried
Mashed
Pan-fry
Riced
Steaming
Stuffed
SWEET POTATOES
Boiled
Candied
Mashed
NOODLES
RICE
MACARONI

SPAGHETTI
HOMINY

RELISHES

OLIVES
Green
Ripe
Stuffed
RADISH ROSES

SWEETS

Casseroles
Hotter
Jam
Jelly
Marmalade

DESSERTS

CAKES
Angel food
Applesauce
Chocolate
Marble
Nut
Sponge
White
Yellow
COBBLERS
Apple
Apricot
Berry
Cherry
Peach
COOKIES
Chocolate
Hornish
Oatmeal
Spice
Vanilla nut
Butter
Peanut butter
Melon
Sour cream
Sage
Sage

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Brownies
Dole bars
Lace cookies
PIES

Apple
Apricot
Banana cream
Berry
Bittersweet
Cherry
Chocolate
Coconut cream
Custard
Gooseberry
Miscellaneous
Lemon
Orange cream
Peach
Pineapple cream
Pumpkin
Raisin
Rhubarb
Strawberry

PUDDINGS
Brown Betty
Bavarian cream
Blancmange
Custard
Dole
Dumplings
Floating Island
Gelatin whip
Graham cracker
Ice cream
Marshmallow
Pineapple delight
Pumpkin
Rice
Sherbet
Snow
Sufflé
Sundae
Tapioca
Torte

UPSIDE-DOWN CAKES

Apricot, peach
Peach
Pineapple, cherry

MENU ARCHITECTURE



BUILDING a menu in an architectural manner can be as much fun as working out a crossword puzzle, but instead of taking up time, it saves time. Since I've been using the Menu Maker and Menu Chart for planning my meals, I've found that I can cut hours from cooking and shopping time. And now, instead of shopping every day, I shop only three or four times a week.

Aside from being a timesaver, menu architecture makes it much easier to serve well balanced meals which are superior not only from a nutritional standpoint but have a much better variety of color, flavor, and texture (soft or crisp, smooth or rough, sweet or tart).

For instance, a menu consisting of white fish, mashed potatoes, buttered turnips, pear and cottage cheese salad, and custard is balanced as far as essentials go, but it lacks color, flavor, and texture contrast. And when dinner's over, it's likely that you won't feel completely satisfied.

To get the proper balance all the way around, it is well to go through the Menu Maker and select all the meats or main courses for the entire week, write them in on the Menu Chart, then turn to the listing of starches and select all the potatoes, rice, or pastas for the week. A bright green, red, or

MENUS—VOL. 2C

The Family Circle Magazine, August 12th, 1938

"MODERN CANNING"—It's the latest and most practical and complete cooking booklet ever of its kind. It represents four years' scientific research by the Home Extension Service of the University of California. It contains 44 illustrated recipes of delicious, choice, and economical canning recipes for fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, and poultry. There are new and still-

from recipes for jellies, jams, preserves, conserves, marmalades, and butters. It gives practical instructions and helpful recipes on all types of pickling. The experienced canner as well as the beginner can find in this book the information they need. It is available from the University of California Press, 2215 California Street, Berkeley, California.

Julia Lee Wright



THE FAMILY CIRCLE

yellow vegetable should complement the starch course if the latter is white. And if the potatoes are to be mashed, then their soft texture should be offset by preparing the other vegetable in a different way.

The salad usually supplies the crispness necessary for palatability. Dessert, for a pleasing finish, should be rich and high in calories if the meal is light. But if the meal is heavy, it is better to end with a light, plain dessert. It's wise, also, to avoid repetition of flavors in the same meal—for instance, serving both tomato soup and sliced tomatoes, or a fruit cocktail or fruit salad and a fruit dessert.

In the Notes column of the Menu Chart, the bread, beverage, and shopping and recipe notes may be recorded.

By using a Menu Maker similar to the one suggested here, it is easy to get all the essentials in the menu. The menu, however, should be elastic enough to take care of emergencies, unplanned-for leftovers, special sales, and unexpected company. The Menu Maker appearing here is just a bare outline, but it is a good start and should help you.

For my own use, I supplement this outline by putting the actual names, "Kitcheneering" page numbers, and so on, of my favorite recipes under various headings or subdivisions. For example, under POTATOES, MASHED, I list the various ways I like to serve mashed potatoes, such as duchess style, potato cakes, and so on.

I use loose-leaf pages which fit my "Kitcheneering" binder, and on them I paste protruding, clear-colored tabs bearing the names of the main divisions. If I want main courses, I can turn to that heading, and there I have my favorites listed and subdivided under beef, cheese, and the like. There's no reason why a regular notebook or file cards could not be used just as well, as long as there is room for adding new dishes which you run across from time to time. Menu makers and charts may also be made up for breakfasts and lunches, if these meals present problems.

Menus for company meals may be built in the same way, and I also keep a list of menus which I've found particularly good for entertaining. After each menu, I jot down the names of the guests to whom I've served them, and in this way I avoid serving the same menu twice to the same guest.

These are just a few of the numerous ways menu architecture may be used to advantage. It may take a little time to get started on this game, but once you find out the time, money, and worry it saves, as well as how much superior the meals are, I doubt if you'll ever go back to the old hit-or-miss method of meal planning.

AUGUST 12TH

MENU MAKER

SOUPS

CLEAR
Bavillon
Chicken
Consomme
Creole
Noodle
Vegetable

CREAM

Asparagus
Bisque, fish
Carrot
Celery
Chowder
Corn
Pea
Potato
Tomato

COCKTAILS

FRUIT

Grape, banana, orange
Melon, grape
Melon, tomato
Orange, grape
Peach, pear, banana
Pineapple, cherry

JUICE

Grape, banana
Grape, grapefruit sections
Tomato
Tomato, orange
Orange, grape

FISH

Shrimp, grapefruit

MAIN COURSE

CHEESE

Fondue, vegetable
Ravoli
Rice and cheese
Souffle
Croquettes
With noodles

PIA

Shortcake
EGGS

Creamed
Omelet
Scrambled
Stuffed

FISH

Cakes
Creamed
Croquettes
Escalloped
Fried
Loaf

With vegetables

MEAT

Chili con carne
Chow mein
Corned beef
Creamed clipped beef
Hash
Loaf
Pie
Pot roast

ROAST

Sandwiches, hot
Sausage with apple
Sausage
Baked beans
Lima beans with ham

VEGETABLES

Lima beans with ham

SALADS

FISH

Salmon, apple
Shrimp, orange
Shrimp, vegetable
Tuna, egg, pickle

FRUIT

Apple, banana, orange
Apple, cabbage
Apple, date
Apple, nut, raisin
Apricot, cheese

Banana, apple, orange
Banana, peanut
Banana, strawberry
Cantaloupe, grape

Cherry, cheese, almond
Fig, cheese, peanut butter
Peach, cheese, date
Pear, mint jelly
Pineapple, orange, cheese

GELATIN

Cabbage, celery
Cranberry, apple, celery
Grapefruit, celery, olive
Pear, pineapple, celery
Pineapple, cucumber

VEGETABLE

Beef, egg
Cabbage, carrot
Carrot, pineapple
Cucumber, tomato, radish
Lima bean, pickle
Poa, beet, celery
Spinach, egg, celery
Tomato, green

MEAT

Beef, pickle, celery
Chicken, apple, walnut
Corned beef, pickle
Pork, pineapple, celery

MAKE YOUR OWN COOK BOOK

"Kitcheneering"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these colorful pages, as well as for past recipes of your own. Send for one of these colorful, attractive binders and get the new "Kitcheneering" menu maker, too. The price is just \$1.95, plus postage paid for only 25¢ in color stamps. Please send to Julia Lee Wright, 100 Madison Avenue, The Family Circle Magazine, New York, New York.

BUREAU
TESTED
RECIPES

Julia Lee Wright

MENU CHART

	MAIN COURSE	STARCHY VEGETABLE	SUCCULENT VEGETABLE	SALAD	DESSERT	NOTES
SUN.	Picnic Ham	Mashed Sweet Potatoes	Mixed Whole Carrots	Apple, Celery, and Nut	Ice-cream Sandwiches Sauce	Blackie's Butter Coffee, Milk
MON.	Shepherd's Pie	Corn on the Cob	Buttered Asparagus	Mixed Fresh Vegetable	Fruit Compote Cake Slices	Tea Butter Iced Coffee
TUES.	Deviled Lamb Chops	Buttered Rice	Fresh Succotash	Stuffed Tomato	Floating Island Cookies	Cook double amount rice for Wednesday
WED.	Creamed Shrimps and Eggs	Hot Spiced Beets	Fresh Spinach Ring	Cucumber and Onion	Rice Parfait (Leftover)	Tomato Juice Toasted Bread
THURS.	Beef Patties and Bacon	Braised Sliced Potatoes	Braised Tomato Halves	Banana and Orange	Fresh Berry Pie	Sliced berries in baked pie shell



HIS HONOR THE JUDGE

(Continued from page 6)

The visitor was beaming, but still he seemed anxious to go. "They certainly are," he agreed uninterestedly.

The Judge nodded. "Now, you take Jeff here. The minute you drew up in your car he got a sniff of you, and right away he said to himself, 'That's a two-legged skunk, and skunks are offensive critters to have around!'" Crawford's face paled. "And so," the Judge continued, "Jeff just tried to get across to me in dog language that you smell bad. But unfortunately I can't size people up as fast as dogs can, and I didn't understand what Jeff was trying to tell me. So I let you come in and I listened to you, and all that proved is that Jeff's nose is better than mine. You're a skunk, all right, and you smell terrible." The Judge got to his feet. "Now get out!"

Crawford had got red in the face and risen to his feet. "Why, you old pussyfooting galoot!" he almost shouted. "You don't know what you've done! You'll never sit on the bench again! You try it tomorrow morning and see what happens to you! When I tell what I know about you, you'll be ruined so quick—"

Just then something sudden happened. A strong right arm shot straight out and a clenched fist went smack into Crawford's right eye. Jeff jumped up barking and grabbed the calf of Crawford's left leg. Crawford staggered back, kicked loose the dog, then turned and ran for the door. Judge Robbins stood rubbing his knuckles as he watched his visitor dive into his car and drive away. Then he spoke to the dog standing at the open door and growling. "You shouldn't have bitten him, Jeff," the Judge said. "You're likely to get leprosy."

NEVER before in Little Falls had there been such a show of interest in things legal. The reasons were varied. Not only was there open disgust over the manner in which the water company had obtained land, but a pretty girl in distress will draw a crowd anywhere—and, as Judge Robbins had said, Patricia Babcock was pretty. He looked down at her and her attorney, young Phil Luce. Luce had only recently started practicing. The Judge chuckled. He was certainly going to get his baptism of fire this morning, all right. There was a rumor afloat that there was an understanding between Phil and Pat. And as they looked at each other now, it certainly seemed as if the rumor must be well founded.

The voice of the clerk of the court sounded above the buzz of the usual courtroom noise. "The case of Babcock versus the Little Falls Water Company."

There was a hush over the room. The hour had arrived. Judge Robbins waited for the opening statement by Luce. Slowly the young man rose to his feet, with Pat's eyes following his every move.

"Your Honor, this is the matter of a motion for an injunction against—" That was all he said. There was a moving and scraping of a chair. Jerome Manning was on his feet.

"Your Honor!"—The voice was crisp. "Mr. Manning," acknowledged Judge Robbins.

"May I ask if your Honor intends to listen to this matter?"

"I do."

Manning swung around to where he could see the courtroom from the corner of his eye and measure the situation he was about to receive. He was smiling confidently. "Under such circumstances, the defense would like to ask that Your Honor remove yourself from the case and allow Judge Perkins to preside."

(Please turn to page 16)

THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"I have called to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage," said the young man.

"How much money have you?" asked father.

"Sir," remarked the suitor quietly, "I do not wish to buy your daughter."

—Columbus

A flustered woman, her arms full of packages, approached the department store floorwalker.

"Oh, dear," she said in an anguished tone, "I'm looking for my husband. I was to have met him here two hours ago. I wonder if you have seen him?"

The floorwalker did his best to look obliging.

"Possibly I have, madam," he replied. "Is there any distinguishing characteristic about him by which I could identify him?"

A frightened expression came over the woman's face.

"Yes," she replied hesitantly, "I imagine he's purple by now." —Maroon

The stranded English actor went into a cheap lunchroom in New York for a meal. He was horrified to recognize the waiter as an actor who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You—a waiter in this place?"

"Yes," replied the other with some dignity, "but I don't eat here."

—Chaparral

Judge: How long have you had that rifle?

Prisoner: Ever since it was a pistol, Your Honor. —Elaoin

"What's the game those men are playing?"

"That's golf. It's just like tennis, except that you don't use cards." —Ram

Jones was telling his friend the various incidents that happened at a party the night before.

"And I kissed Joan," he said, "while she wasn't looking."

"What did she do?" Jones' friend asked.

"She wouldn't," said Jones happily, "look at me for the rest of the evening!" —Charivari

Wishing to make his daughter efficient in business methods, her father persuaded her to keep a note of her daily expenses.

On glancing over her little book, he noticed a number of entries marked "G.O.K."

"What," he asked, "does 'G.O.K.' mean?"

"'G.O.K.?' repeated his daughter. "Goodness only knows." —Gargoyle

POSSIBLE HARTON

Lithograph by BARRY REES



Truly Hawaiian

Greater pleasure in full measure with every glass of fragrant, appetizing Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii... Pure, natural, unsweetened.



Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., sole producers of Dole Pineapple "Cans," Sliced, Crushed, Tablets, and the new "Royal Spiced" Pineapples, Honolulu, U. S. A. Sales Offices: San Francisco.

A man went around to see one of his pals. His friend's wife answered the door.

"Where's Joe?" he asked. "He's upstairs," she said. "Won't you go up?"

"Thank you," he said, and went up. Upstairs he found Joe busily at work. "What are you doing, Joe?" he asked.

"Shellacking the living room table." "But what did you bring that enormous table up here for?"

"Because," said Joe, "the shellac was up here!" —Bored Walk

Tired Tim: I found a gold watch yesterday.

Weary Willie: What did you do with it?

Tired Tim: Threw it away. Weary Willie: Why?

Tired Tim: It wasn't wound up. —Charivari

"Mabel says she likes the tone of Percy's voice."

"Yes, I guess she thinks there's a ring in it." —Argory

"What your husband wants is a complete rest," said the doctor, "so I have prescribed a sleeping powder."

"Yes, Doctor," said the wife, "and at what time shall I give it to him?"

"Oh, it's not for him," replied the doctor, "it's for you." —Juggler



HER MITES ARE RIGHT

THEY STOP TRAFFIC AND PUT
DOLL COLLECTORS IN A DITHER
BY RAE NORDEN SAUDER

Before Dorothy Heizer made this figure of Helen Hayes as the young Queen in "Victoria Regina," she went to study the Hayes family. Because she absorbed the forest to, later she found that small, modest Miss Hayes considerably has a big head.

A FRIEND of Helen Hayes, strolling up Fifth Avenue in the spring of 1937, was pondering what she should give that modestly charming actress for her birthday. But she was not too absorbed to be attracted by a window display in the jewelry store of Maroon & Co. It was keyed, as so many displays at that time were, to the Coronation theme. The focal point was a figure of King George VI about 15 inches tall, with his



(Right) The figure of Lillian Gish, as the 17th century girl in "The Star-Wagon," which Helen Hayes commiserated Mrs. Heizer to make because she was so delighted with her own portrait figure.



Picture of Japanese dancer is from book. Mrs. Heizer outlines figure.

Next she makes diadems of wire. On it will go "head" and "tail."

current stage success "The Star-Wagon."

MINIATURE portrait figures of living people are, I learn, becoming more in demand all the time. They are, to be sure, still in the luxury class, for they cost \$130 and up. But they are also in the museum treasure class, as much of Mrs. Heizer's work—for example, her period dolls in notable collections—is destined for museums.

Mrs. Heizer doesn't like to refer to any of her figures as dolls. People, she says, think of dolls as toys, as the merrily destructive children. She once did, it is true, make dolls—dolls to be played with—as an outlet for her artistic ability and for her skill with the needle. She, a trained painter, found she could not have many quiet hours at her easel because of the demands of her three lively children, so she dressed dolls for relaxation. The more originally she lavished on them, however, the more she grew to resent seeing them misreated. Then she began to putter, as she expresses it, at research into the history of costumes. She reproduced the garb of historical characters which she found portrayed in other plays. Next she had to make the dolls in dress that way, and she discovered that somehow they wore a sculptured likeness to the person whom they were supposed to represent.

"I didn't even know that people collect dolls as a hobby," Mrs. Heizer told me, and from the way she said "I realized that she is a person who lives rather in a world apart, deeply absorbed in her own interests. And as we talked I sensed that she is a little terrified of New York, which she visits to see the portraits in the Metropolitan and other mu-

seums and to buy the unusual materials she needs for her work.

Not knowing, then, that people collect dolls, she made Henry VIII and a Spanish dancer and George Washington and a few others. And in the best letter-mountain tradition, her work has become much sought after. The demand for it started when a neighbor in Essex Fells, who had a friend absorbed in doll collecting, asked her to look at Mrs. Heizer's creations. The collector was enthusiastic, paid cash for two dolls, and told Mrs. Heizer that there is a place in almost any fine collection for period dolls showing the authentic costumes done to scale.

BUT Mrs. Heizer's avocation might never have become a business had it not been that her son McCaughey had long been con-



Working out details of costume and jewelry. Note boxes of materials.

The figure's finished, except for a touch more color on the cheeks.

dow, which was the most important display I had in preparation at that time."

Mr. Olkie is proud of his discovery of the commercial possibilities of Mrs. Heizer's work. When his Coronation window received an exceptionally enthusiastic reception, he was the first to credit King George and graciously step back into a secondary place himself. Mr. Olkie has subsequently used other examples of Mrs. Heizer's work. The Madonna in Blue is one of his special favorites, and he considers her the ideal miniature around which to build a fine collection of small figures.

THE fascinating and expensive hobby of doll collecting has famous and wealthy devotees, of course (two are Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip), and such persons should be able to afford almost any doll on the market. But there is a factor unconnected with money which makes it difficult to assemble a choice collection, and that is that the supply of old dolls is limited. Children always loved most of their dolls to death, and consequently the survivors are rare. Collectors who snoop for old dolls still occasionally discover ones tucked away in odd places, but they had Mrs. Heizer as her guru, they say, represent the height of artistry.

Among those collectors who are particularly enthusiastic about Mrs. Heizer's work is Samuel Yellin, wife of the famous artist in iron who once won the annual \$10,000 Bok Award in Philadelphia. I knew immediately that I must have one of the figures for a display, so I arranged to meet Mrs. Heizer and go over with her the specifications for a small King George for the Coronation win-



King George VI in Coronation robes—only 15 inches tall and every detail convincing and in exact accord the jewels are beads, the ermine is white velvet, his figure, the first Mrs. Heizer made for a window display, attracted such attention on New York's Fifth Avenue that it immediately brought orders for others.



Mr. Bayard Olkie, Jr., original and talented designer of displays, works on a prop in his studio. He had the inspiration to realize the commercial possibilities of Mrs. Heizer's work as soon as he first saw it—had he any more didn't see it.



One of Mr. Olkie's jewelry store displays, with Mrs. Heizer's lovely, ethereal Henry VIII, standing in blue. Mrs. Olkie considers her figure the most delicate of all, which she builds her fine collection of dolls around.

(Please turn to page 22)

Sue Sutton's MENUS

Sunday

Fresh Green Pea Soup with Cheese Crautons
Fried Rabbit with Country Gravy
Buttered Noodles
Buttered String Beans
Mixed Fruit Salad an Shredded Lettuce with French Dressing
Biscuits Butter
Angel Food with Ice Cream Filling
Coffee or Milk

Monday

Broiled Lamb Chops
Fried Leftover Noodles
Creamed Whole Baby Carrots
Lettuce Wedges with Thousand Island Dressing
Bread Butter
Leftover Angel Food Topped with Fresh Berries
Coffee, Iced Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Split Broiled Frankfurters
Broiled Corn on the Cob
Buttered Spinach
Radishes Onions
Hot Buns Butter
Fresh Fruit Salad Dessert with Whipped Cream Mayonnaise
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Smothered Meat Loaf
Potatoes au Naturel
Mashed Rutabagas
Sliced Cucumbers and Onion Rings with Salad Dressing
Bread Butter
Chocolate Blancmange Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Thursday

Fried Liver with Onions and Green Pepper
Pan-browned Leftover Potatoes
Norwegian Cabbage
Tomato and Celery Aspic with Mayonnaise
Fresh Berry Pie
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Friday

Neapolitan Loaf with Mushroom Sauce
Buttered Asparagus
Large Tomatoes Stuffed with Shredded Carrots, Cabbage, and Pepper with Mayonnaise
Bread Butter
Sliced Peaches and Cream Cupcakes
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Ham and Eggs
Cottage Fried Potatoes
Tomato, Cucumber, Onion, and Green Pepper Slices
Marinated in French Dressing
Toasted Split Hard Rolls
Butter
Banana Split Sundae
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FRESH GREEN PEA SOUP

A winner

Shell 1½ pounds peas. Cook in water to cover until tender and soft; force through sieve. Measure; add enough milk to make 4 cups. Heat to boiling point; add 2 tablespoons butter; and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with cheese crostons. Serves 6.

SMOTHERED MEAT LOAF

A complementary combination

1½ pounds ground beef	Pepper ½ to ¾ cup
1 small onion	tomato catsup
½ teaspoon salt	2 lemons

Combine meat, finely chopped onion, and seasonings in large bowl; mix with large spoon or hands until well blended. Pack into well greased casserole or baking dish. Spread with catsup; top with lemon cut in paper-thin slices. Bake 1 hour, or until meat is done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6 to 8.

FRESH BERRY PIE

Luscious

4 cups blackberries or raspberries	3 to 4 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca or ½ to 2 tablespoons flour
1½ to 1½ cups sugar	Pastry
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	1 tablespoon butter

Pick over and wash berries; combine with sugar, nutmeg, and tapioca or flour. Line 9-inch pie pan with pastry; trim off crust, letting it extend 1 inch over edge of pan. Pour fruit mixture into pan; dot with butter; fold flap of pastry ¼ inch in from edge of pan; and moisten edge of pastry. Roll out remaining pastry ¼ inch thick; cut several slits in center to allow steam to escape; place on pie; trim even with edge of pan; and press edges together with tines of fork, pressing from outer edge toward center. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.); reduce temperature to moderate oven (350° F.); and bake 20 to 30 minutes longer, or until fruit is cooked. Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

NEAPOLITAN LOAF

A spaghetti special

2 cups spaghetti, broken in 2-inch lengths	¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons shortening	1 cup grated American cheese
3 tablespoons flour	3 tablespoons finely chopped pimiento
1½ cups milk	¼ cup finely chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
½ teaspoon pepper	

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water about 20 minutes, or until tender; drain. Melt shortening; blend in flour; add milk gradually, stirring constantly; and cook until thick, stirring occasionally. Add seasonings, cheese, pimiento, and green pepper; cook 5 minutes; and add spaghetti. Add well beaten eggs; pour into well greased loaf pan. Bake in pan of hot water 45 minutes, or until set, in moderate oven (350° F.). Unmold. Serve with mushroom sauce. Serves 6.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

Accompanies meat loaf

2 tablespoons chopped green pepper	2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento	2 tablespoons flour
½ cup shredded carrots or fresh mushrooms	1 cup milk
	Salt
	Pepper

Saute pepper, pimiento, and mushrooms in butter until lightly browned; blend in flour; add milk gradually, stirring constantly; cook until thickened, stirring occasionally; and season to taste. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

THE menu for Sunday is designed for those who consider good food one of the greatest blessings. The delicious fresh green pea soup is a perfect beginning for the rabbit and noodle dinner. And the angel food, with your favorite ice cream in its center, makes a delightful ending.

On Monday, there'll probably be enough noodles left over to be fried to a delicate golden brown and served with the lamb chops. The remainder of the angel food may be topped with fresh berries for a truly heavenly dessert.

The dinner suggested for Thursday features fried liver and onions with the addition of chopped green pepper for a different flavor. The onions and pepper are sauteed first, then the liver is added and fried in the usual way. The Norwegian cabbage, on the same menu, features this favorite vegetable in an unusual way. The cabbage is washed, shredded, and boiled in salted water to cover until it's tender. It's then drained and mixed with about two tablespoons of mayonnaise and about one to two teaspoons of sugar, and served piping hot.

RITZ

SCORES EVERY TIME!



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WHEN it's your "serve", be sure to make it Ritz Crackers. It's a winning play, anytime — anywhere, whenever the eating question occurs.

Serve Ritz with cool, refreshing drinks as an after-game pick-me-up — put plenty in the picnic basket with a good supply of jam,

cheese spreads and peanut butter—use them as a base for appetizers at summer parties.

And when appetites are at a summer lull, serve cool salad dishes with crisp, appetizing Ritz Crackers — then watch the family e-a-t! • Order a package today from your regular grocer.



Look for this SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING which identifies products of **NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**



Even when there's a tip-off, our customs ops like Gordon H. Pike, shown here examining five bags of confiscated cardboard, have an uneasy faculty for detecting smugglers' near-drawer or under-for-cheating Uncle Sam's.

TWO men, both young—one matty in appearance and confident in manner, the other shabby and furtive—met one evening just about dusk on a side street in the Bronx, one of the populous boroughs of New York City. After talking together quietly for a minute, the shabby man, whose right hand had been in his coat pocket all the time they were speaking, drew out a tiny package wrapped in white paper. Before the matty young man had time to take possession of it, two bulky, middle-aged men jumped from a doorway nearby, ran toward the two young men, and demanded the package in the name of the law.

"Hi, there, Inspector," said the matty young man cheerfully. "What are you doing way up here?"

"I'm here on business, and I want that package your friend just handed you."

"Package? What package? I don't know what you're talking about, Pike." Turning to his companion, he said, "We haven't any package, have we? The shabby young man suddenly shook his head.

Customs Agent Pike began frisking the two young men, going through every pocket, patting them around the waist, looking in their hats, and even making them take out their shoes. During the search, the shabby young man remained silent, answering none of Pike's questions, good-natured though they were. He just stood still and passive.

The well-dressed young man chatted away brightly, poking fun at Pike and the other customsman who was assisting them, but when they were waiting their time.

Finally Pike had to give up. The little package—he was absolutely sure there had been a little package—had vanished, it seemed, into thin air.

For a few minutes longer the four men stood there in the growing darkness, and then suddenly Pike gave the silent young man a vigorous shake on the back as if to loosen his tongue. The blow loosened more than his tongue, all right. His mouth flew open and out of it fell the little white package. And what was in this little package which the customs agents were so bent upon

sniffing? Diamonds—diamonds which had been smuggled into this country without payment of duty!

"Luckily," said Mr. Pike when he told me this story, "the package of diamonds, although small, was too big to be swallowed." And it is just because valuable diamonds can be put in such tiny packages and concealed in small places that the smuggling of them was a thriving business for many years. Was a thriving business, notice, not *is*, for the commercial smuggling of diamonds is now so well under control that it's almost a thing of the past, thanks to the eagle eye and bulldog persistence of revenue agents like Mr. Pike of our story.

GORDON H. PIKE, to give him his full name, is one of a group of special agents of the United States Department of Internal Revenue, and for ten years, he has been a member of the famous diamond squad, which has done so much to put a stop to international jewel smuggling. He tells me stories of his adventures not only with wealthy women who hope to cheat their Uncle Sam if they can get away with it, but with members of the jewel smuggling communities which operate openly in New York and in Antwerp, Belgium, the great diamond-cutting center.

Outwitting a professional smuggler requires not only imagination and tact (it is a serious thing to accuse an innocent person of smuggling), but it also requires a knowledge of human nature, fearlessness, and relentless pursuit. It is always a battle of wits between the smuggler and the customs agent. Mr. Pike's story of the tongue-bol man illustrates the principal problem involved in tracking to earth traffickers in contraband jewels—that of catching the carrier and the receiver at the moment when the package is transferred from the one to the other. A smuggler in the story was the son of an Antwerp jeweler; the shabby young man, who unsuccessfully hid the package in his mouth, was a steward on a transatlantic liner. The Department of Internal Revenue had been tipped off that the steward would

try to bring in the stones. So when his ship docked, Agent Pike patiently followed the suspect until the latter felt the inevitable appointment with the man to whom he was to deliver the stones. Thus Pike was able to catch the two of them red-handed.

HOW much import duty was this pair of smugglers trying to cheat Uncle Sam out of? Let's suppose that the stones were worth \$30,000 (that's fair enough, because the average value of smuggled jewelry is from \$25,000 to \$40,000). The duty, which is 10%, would therefore be \$3,000. As a result of the two young men's being caught in the attempt to avoid payment of the \$3,000 duty, the Antwerp jeweler had to pay the United States Government not only the amount of the duty but, in addition, a fine equal to the domestic value. Here's how it works out:

Smuggled value	\$30,000
Duty	\$3,000
Domestic value	\$3,000
Fine same as domestic value	\$3,000
Duty paid	\$3,000
Total cost	\$42,000

On other words, the smuggler gambled on saving \$3,000, but, having lost, his little fatter cost him just \$33,000.

You might think the odds against winning this little game are too great to make it attractive, but until recently it did pay—and in a big way. About ten years ago it was estimated that from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 worth of diamonds were smuggled into this country each year. Under the old tariff of 20% on most stones, this represented a revenue loss to the Government of from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000 a year. One smuggler, who was caught in 1928, admitted that the particular seizure which represented his downfall was his 58th consignment that year! That gives you some idea of the scope of commercial smuggling in the 1920's. There were four big combines operating here and in Europe, and their methods became so familiar to customs inspectors that they lost just the way in which a package was wrapped would betray the consignee's name.

About ten years ago the American Jeweler's Protective Association petitioned the Government for help, and then the diamond squad, a group of 15 picked men, with \$100,000 of the Government's money, was appointed to clean up. In its first year of operation, the squad seized about \$500,000 worth of smuggled stones. In 1930 the duty was reduced from 20% to 10% on uncut stones (and from 80% to 60% on mounted jewelry) and this, coupled with the diamond squad's activities, has finally brought the diamond smuggling business down to the point where it is no longer a serious menace to American Jeweler's operations legitimately.

HERE is one of Mr. Pike's stories about the Antwerp smuggler and how he gave him away.

Strictly speaking, the Kosher Cook, the smuggler, wasn't a Jew, but a man employed to inspect the food served to Jewish passengers on a big liner to insure its preparation

according to kosher rules. When his ship docked and Agent Pike searched the Kosher Cook, a slip of paper with some Hebrew words on it was found in his pocket. The agents recognized it as obviously being an identification slip, the other half of which was held by the man who was to receive the stones, if they were ever delivered. And it was Mr. Pike's job to see that they were not delivered. But first the gens had to be found. The Kosher Cook was frisked. No dice. Then Mr. Pike and another agent began on his cabin, while the cook danced around protesting and jollying away at a great rate in Hebrew. Mr. Pike, watching him closely, noticed that he got an extra bad attack of Jewish when they got near to the food trunk. So the bunk was what they concentrated on. They took off the bedclothes, rapped the mattress, pried up the boards underneath, opened the pillow, and shook

the blankets. Still no dice. But as the Kosher Cook still jibbered and waved his arms, they concluded that the stones must be somewhere in the room. Then Mr. Pike had one of those brilliant hunches that frequently come to him just when things look most hopeless. He called for a wrench, and at sight of it the Kosher Cook's eyes started from their sockets. Mr. Pike set about unscrewing the tubular metal supports of the bunk. By this time the Kosher Cook was up to his eyes in sweat. The hunch was right, and in the hollow of the uprights Mr. Pike discovered several packets of diamonds.

"The poor fish just gave himself away," said Mr. Pike. "If he hadn't swallowed his appetite every time we got near the foot of the bunk, we might never have found those stones."

ANOTHER of Mr. Pike's stories, which has a humorous ending, is one which he calls "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!"

One day a guard on one of the big pier—not an inspector, just one of the men in uniform who are always on duty when a ship comes in—found a package of diamonds in a steward's leg of smoking slacks. The guard sent the steward back on board ship to be searched by Mr. Pike. In the steward's pocket Pike found a slip of newspaper on which was written a Brooklyn street address and under it, "7 to 8:30, Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Not even Idger Allen Poe could have deciphered that one. The steward denied knowing anything about it, and said he'd been framed by another member of the crew who wanted his job and who had put the stones in his pouch and the slip in his pocket. Even which he was taken before the commissioner, the steward stuck to his story, but the commissioner called for a marshal and ordered that the man be arrested. That, however, was little help to Mr. Pike, who wanted to know who had sent the stones and to whom they were to be delivered. And then Mr. Pike again had a bunch—a fine, ingenious, psychological hunch.

"Mr. Commissioner," he said, "I don't believe this man is guilty. I think he's selling the truth—that he has been framed."

The commissioner looked astounded, the marshal stopped with his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and the other inspectors looked at Mr. Pike as if he'd gone crazy. Even the prisoner was surprised—so surprised that he broke down and confessed, even to explaining the cryptic notation.

Unfortunately, through a slip-up, the story of the steward's arrest got into the papers, and just the time the commissioner was crisscrossing Mr. Pike and two other inspectors drove over to Brooklyn. Following the detailed instructions of the man's confession, Mr. Pike was wearing a peaked cap—a bright, twice-modified—he was smoking a pipe, and under his arm he was carrying a big square manila envelope on which the address of a photograph dealer was prominently displayed. In the envelope was a record of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" He was waiting to be approached by a person or persons whose name, the steward had said, was Silberberg.

"Listen, Pike," said his fellow agents impatiently. "We've got something better to do than to chase wild geese. Don't you suppose those Silberbergs read the papers and that they'll never see such ads as to keep their date, knowing that the steward has been pinched?" (Please turn to page 18)



The \$265,000 worth of diamonds in this week-end case were taken off the hands of the Metropolitan Police by Mr. Ashikoff's speakers at the Metropolitan Police.



This tooth paste tube looked innocent enough, but customs agents inspected that everything in it wasn't quite. And rightly—the pearls were real.



Clown, but not sufficiently so, were the perfumery and toilet articles, which were worth \$20,000. It is the hollowed-out handle of this old shoebox.



Concealing gems or, as here, expensive capsules in a shaved soap bar, is a favorite trick of \$20,000. It is the hollowed-out handle of this old shoebox.



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and \$25 to \$45 weekly merchandise plus Special Traffic
Teacher. Great working, to advance career, prosper—earnest
earnings. Classes, Phone: 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

A candidate for Congress, speaking during his campaign, said stentorally, "The people of this country must grow more wheat!"

"I'm talking about food for mankind," retorted the candidate. "I'll get around to your case in a minute!"

—*Sour Owl*

Mother: How did you happen to break that plate, Betty?

Betty: Well, you see, Mother, I threw down the dish towel, and then I found it was in my other hand!—*Daisy*

McPherson received a letter from his rich aunt asking him to send his twin boys to her for a week's holiday, as she had never seen them. She enclosed a five-dollar bill to cover their railway fares.

A few days later a bright-looking boy presented himself at her door and handed her a note.

"Dear Aunt," it read. "Here is young Donald, one of the twins. The other is exactly the same." —Owl!

HIS HONOR THE JUDGE

(Continued from page 9)

"Well!" thought Judge Robbins. "Here is something new! Have they fixed Perkins? He's always wanted to own a farm. Perhaps he's about to get it—unless something happens." The Judge leaned back in his swivel chair. "Your request is, at the very least, unusual, Mr. Manning. Perhaps you can explain."

Jerome Manning's smile became slightly derisive. "The defense does not think it wise to go into this matter in open court. But should Your Honor wish to hear our reasons in your chambers, we shall be glad to make them known."

The Judge jerked himself upright. "There has never been any secret agreement in this court," he said sharply. "You will state your reasons here and now."

Manning was still smiling. "Very well," but you are building your own scaffold, Your Honor. If you insist, though, then let me point out that under the Warner Act, Section 6, it is clearly stated that any judge against whom a charge of moral turpitude has been lodged shall automatically be barred from further acting in a judicial capacity until the charge has been heard and final decision rendered."

Judge Robbins appeared puzzled. "And what are the facts upon which you base this charge?"

Jerome Manning cleared his throat. "We, of this defense are prepared to prove that on last Wednesday night you did register at a hotel in Boston under the name of Robbins, your own, with a woman whom you represented to be your wife. It is a known and established fact that you are unmarried, and we maintain, therefore, that such an act constitutes moral turpitude and that for that reason you should be barred from presiding over this court." Jerome Manning remained standing and smiling.

The Judge saw Matt Benson of the *New* make a dive for the door. "Shut that door!" he ordered. "And you, Mr. Manning, sit down!"

Then, calmly, Judge Robbins took off his pince-nez and wiped them. A thin smile spread over his face. After a few moments he spoke quietly, deliberately.

M. R. LANNING, he said, "to have told your story a story which is both surprising and obscure." He hesitated a second, scribbled something on a pad, handed it to a court attendant, and then continued: "Now I want to tell my story. Many years ago—more years than I like to remember—there was a girl in this town who was one of the prettiest girls who ever lived in Little Falls. All the boys fell in love with her, and I was among them. I courted her, as we called it in those days, but she just kept putting me off. She was a home-town beauty with great expectations. When I told this girl's father that I wanted to marry her, he kindly but firmly told me that he had other plans for his daughter—that he wanted to see her marry well. I didn't feel that I could argue with him, because at that time I couldn't see that I had any future beyond that of working in Misses' Dressstore, but when I left that girl's home after being turned down by her father, the bottom just seemed to fall out from under me. And then, Alvin Barton moved with her folks to Chicago, I felt that I was licked.

"But of one thing I then became certain: I decided that I wouldn't be an errand boy any longer. And so I entered Judge Brand's office and read law. Eventually I became a judge of this court. I'm not certain whether I've made a good judge or not, and at times I've felt like thrashing some of the people who come before me—and not always the defendants, either.

"For a while, I lost all track of Alice Barton, but one day I found out that she had married. The years came and went, and then I heard that her husband had lived only a short time and that she had never remarried. I wrote to her. She answered, and for some time we corresponded. By then we were, I guess, what you'd call old folks." The courtroom door opened and the attendant who had disappeared a few minutes before entered and handed a piece of paper to the Judge. After he had glanced at it, he resumed speaking. "Nevertheless," he said, "even though we had grown much older, we found that we had much in common. Furthermore, Mr. Manning, we did go to that hotel, just as you say we did."

Jerome Manning leaned back in his chair and, with a self-satisfied smile, nodded at Bert Atlebury. Judge Robbins looked down at Pat Babcock. Her face was white.

"One thing more," said the Judge. "A smart attorney from the city would never make this charge without a checkup. You searched the whole State, so I don't want to see if you'd find anything that looked like a license to marry which had been issued to me. Obviously, you didn't find it. So, although you appear to have so far, at least, sent your small mind jumped to but one conclusion—and you were truly too glad to make the jump. Unfortunately for you, your mind jumped in the wrong direction I have, you see, an old friend—Justice Peters of the Supreme Court in New York State. We have known each other for years, and he married Alice and me in his home in New York—and then we flew to Boston. It was a great trip."

JEROME MANNING'S face was red. "Your Honor!" he fairly gasped. "I didn't know."

The Judge smiled, "It's evident that you didn't, Manning. You see, Mrs. Robbins gave a telegram the morning after we were married saying that her father had been taken sick, and so she went out to Chicago to see what she could do for him." Judge Robbins looked at the clock. "I expect both my wife and her father to arrive here this afternoon. It seems that he had acute indigestion, but the doctor thought it was a heart attack."

"Your Honor, I hope—" Marning started, rising and holding tremblingly to his chair for support.

"Bailiff!" The Judge beckoned to that officer of the court. "I order that you arrest Mr. Manning. I am holding him in contempt. You will also arrest Mr. Attlebury on the same charge." He pointed to a man who was rising from his seat. "And that man there," he said, "—you will hold him, too. His name is Crawford; the charge is attempted bribery."

The Judge again faced his spellbound audience in the courtroom. "At first," he said, "I couldn't understand how Mr. Manning discovered that I had registered at a Boston hotel. However, it seems clear now. I had an officer of the court phone the manager of that hotel, who is a friend of mine. I had the officer ask the manager if he knows anyone named Crawford. It seems that a man named Crawford is an assistant manager, and he's been there today. He's what is known as a political shyster, and does the same thing. But then the bailiff had made his way across the courtroom and was about to arrest the wrong man. "No, no. Bailiff," said the Judge,

"Crawford's the one with the black eye. Also, on his left leg you'll find a set of teeth marks that belong to my dog Jeff. At least there's no chance of his defense being mistaken identity."

Judge Robbins shook his head and smiled reminiscently. "Dogs," he remarked to no one in particular, "certainly do have a lot of sense!"

"THE BIG GOOD EARTH OF 1942"

BY FISH



You never know when a hit song will be dropped into a movie. Here Wang has to stop singing the Good Earth because the producers decided to introduce a big-name swing band all in comic pigtails.



There is real art in "The Big Good Earth of 1942." On the screen Wang and O-Lan are depressed, and the audience, quick to catch the mood, is strongly moved. Some of them, like the couple there in the second row, are, in fact, moved right out of their seats, up the aisle, out of the theatre.

THIS world is certainly a land of song and dance in the eyes of Hollywood. According to the movies, we humans begin to warble in some of the strangest places, and we are likely to throw ourselves into one of our native dances at the most inopportune times.

The trouble is, Hollywood does not confine these peculiar activities to operettas and musical comedies, in which you expect to find them, but drags prospective song hits in by the heels in any old picture. The characters must become pretty discouraged at times, trying to get on with the story, if any.

I'm surprised that pictures like "The Good Earth" managed to escape the typical Hollywood treatment. I really expected to see something like the following, and to show the producers what they overlooked, I've rewritten the movie as "The Big Good Earth of 1942." Here we go:

Wang (the character played by Paul Muni—remember?) awakens cheerfully on the morning of his wedding day. He goes to the "big house" and returns with his bride, O-Lan (you know—that was Luise Rainer). His friends gather for the wedding feast, and there is much talk and laughter. Wang, in a close-up, gurgles, "This is the happiest day of my life." The next thing you know he is singing "The Happiest Day of My Life." He sidles over and slips an arm around O-Lan, who joins him in the chorus.

But that, as it turns out, is not only the happiest day in Wang's life. It is also the happiest day for couples all over China. As Wang starts the second verse of the song, the camera snoots out a Chinese couple walking slowly beside a moonlit lotus pond and another pair under a blossoming cherry

tree. After a while it seems we are in an idyllic park in Peiping or Foo-Foo-Yu or someplace, and identical mooning Chinese couples are coyly strolling by. The camera rushes back to Wang and O-Lan just in time for the last bar of the song.

Wang raises crops and O-Lan raises children, and one summer you see dust clouds heaping up and you hear the wind whistling drily over the bare brown hills and the orchestra muttering ominously in back of the screen. It's drought, drought, DROUGHT! In fact, it's all pretty dry.

Wang and O-Lan watch the crops wither before their eyes. There is nothing to eat but a few pieces of straw a la mud.

"This is a terrible dump," says O-Lan dismally.

Wang staggers over to a dusty, parched bench and sits down. "Speak no evil of the land of our ancestors," he croaks.

"I shall speak!" retorts O-Lan. "I wish I was in America. I WISH I WAS ON BROADWAY!"

The music swells up, and before you can rush for an exit, O-Lan is singing the number you may as well resign yourself to hearing six times a day on the radio for the next month—"I Wish I Was on Broadway."

At the end of the first verse she is back on Broadway, her fare all paid by simply dissolving to Broadway and 42nd Street. Taxis and Broadwayites are all joggling around in time to the music. The camera takes us through a mess of neon lights into a night club with a Chinese motif, and there is a big-name jazz orchestra dressed in comic pigtails. They beat a huge cymbal (one of the cymbal pleasures of the Chinese) and swing a medley of "Chinatown" and "Limehouse Blues" with lots of Wang in it. After a jam finale we suddenly find ourselves back

in Wang's hut, he and O-Lan silent and depressed. They have nothing on the audience by this time.

The Wang family goes south with thousands of other refugees to escape the drought, and while they're in one of the big cities the masses riot and overrun the homes of the rich. O-Lan finds a sack of precious stones in one of the houses.

Suddenly soldiers march into the house in two straight files down each side of the screen. The Chinese generalissimo-in-charge enters. He is the three Ritz Brothers, in Chinese laundrymen costumes too funny for words. They go into a typical Ritz act and end by butting heads together so that all three are knocked cold. From backstage come two lines of glamorous pseudo-Chinese girls, miming down center and into a fan-and-lantern dance. Then they pair off with the soldiers, who are all handsome young men as indistinguishable in appearance as film juveniles, and whirl about in the "Joss-house Waltz," invented joss for this picture.

In the finale, the chorus parts, revealing O-Lan wearing all the jewels and little else. Wang comes meanderer in, in rich Mandarin robes, and they dance on a glittering black streamlined stage which revolves. This represents the Wangs' change of fortune.

"The Big Good Earth of 1942" ends on this happy note. As the extravaganzas take up an hour and a half of the two-hour show, all the other parts of the story have to be left out, including the locust plague. Which is a shame, because think what Hollywood could do with a snappy number called "I'm Loco as a Locust over You," sung by Wang and danced by a chorus of Goldwyn girls in filmy locust costumes.

But just wait! When they see this script, they'll do "The Good Earth" over yet!



In "The Big Good Earth of 1942"—A By Fish Production—on extravaganzas will be based on the locust plague sequence, thereby providing a good excuse for a snappy chorus routine and Wang's singing of "I'm Loco as a Locust over You."



Interior of Wang's hut (Hollywood revision, 1942). Note inevitable silver service, despite the circumstance that Wang and O-Lan have nothing to eat but a few pieces of straw a la mud. (This scene is post-scene. Before O-Lan killed the noble beast, it used to be tied to the pointed pole in the upper left-hand corner.)

HIDE AND SEEK

(Continued from page 15)

"Maybe so, maybe not," said the imperturbable Mr. Pike, and he began to walk up and down the street, puffing on his pipe and holding the envelope so that the record could be plainly seen. He did feel a bit foolish and he felt more and more so as it got nearer and nearer eight-thirty. And then suddenly the Silberbergs, father and son, appeared, presented the missing half of the identification slip, and were promptly taken into custody.

On the ride back to the customhouse, Mr. Pike kidded them.

"A fine pair of smugglers you are," said Pike. "Don't you ever read the papers?" Then he showed the younger Silberberg a clipping reporting the steward's arrest.

The junior Silberberg looked foolish.

"Yeah, I read the papers," he said, "but only the sports pages. And Pop reads only the Hebrew papers."

All of which is enough to make even a clown laugh, when you come to think of it.

ONCE in a while a lucky break makes it possible for the men from the customhouse to kill two birds with one stone. One time they caught four persons involved in two separate attempts at smuggling and closed two cases in their files which they had never suspected of having any connection. This story of the reformed smuggler is a double-header.

One night a steward just off a liner, who was under suspicion of smuggling, entered a New York legitimate theatre and went directly to his seat. Shortly afterward a girl took a seat on the man's right. When the

certain went up, the couple talked in low tones, but two men (need it be said that one of them was Mr. Pike?) who were sitting behind them couldn't catch a word. They were, however, able to see, and they knew that no little package had changed hands.

Then the young man got up and left the theatre before the end of the second act, but the young woman stayed on until the end of the play. She met no one and went straight home. So did the inspectors. And that seemed to be that. But it wasn't.

A month later a big liner came in, and when a member of the crew, a printer, came off the boat, Mr. Pike and another inspector followed him to an apartment house. As he was about to enter, they grabbed him, searched him, and found a package of diamonds. The man was so upset at being grabbed when he thought he was safe that he broke down and admitted that he had been about to deliver the package to a jeweler who lived in that apartment. So the printer and inspectors all paid a visit to the jeweler, and, with the latter added to the party, they went back to the customhouse. There the jeweler denied that he knew the printer, maintained that he was an honest merchant doing an honest business, and offered to have his secretary bring down his books to prove that his business was on the level. So the jeweler phoned his secretary and then everyone sat around and waited.

In about an hour the secretary came—and guess what? Mr. Pike recognized her as the very young woman who had taken the seat next the steward in the theatre a month before! So the four of them—the jeweler, the secretary, the steward, and the printer—were

arrested and convicted. When the jeweler got out of prison he reformed completely and went into a legitimate business which takes him abroad two or three times a year. Every time he meets Mr. Pike on the dock he stops for a friendly chat and usually ends by saying, "Well, it's great to be out of that game! I sleep nights now, and I only wish you'd caught me a long time before you did."

WHAT a customs inspector needs to be successful in catching smugglers is a kind of sixth sense, because nothing else in the world would lead him to packages of stones hidden in the barrel of an empty fountain pen, caught between the two ends of a necktie with a stickpin, sewed in different parts of clothing, or even tucked away in a scarper which a devoted traveler may wear around his neck. Who but Mr. Pike or one of his co-workers would ever think of taking the bandage off a "wound" to find a package of diamonds embedded in the flesh beneath? It takes a quick eye to realize that a very small man is wearing shoes which are disproportionate to his size, and it's no surprise to an inspector to find the extra space filled with stones. Once a fake lunchbox had a lot of jewels hidden in his hump. He said he'd made 27 successful transatlantic trips. The 28th was his Waterloo. It's not a mark of intelligence, Mr. Pike will tell you, to hide stones in toothpaste, cakes of soap, car trampets, nursing bottles, or cartridges, and no smuggler worth his salt would dream of using so obvious a device as a false compartment in his luggage. Sometimes the job of finding the loot is merely tedious, as when the diamond squad had to go through the

Mommy WAS ALWAYS SO CROSS

POLLY PULL UP YOUR SOCK! AND STOP BOTHERING AUNT SARA OR I'LL SPANK YOU!

I'M SORRY SARA—I'M JUST SO UNCOMFORTABLE ALL THE TIME IT MAKES ME CROSS

JANET, I'M NO DOCTOR BUT THIS BATHROOM SOAP OF YOURS SEEMS TO ME A GOOD REASON FOR ALL YOUR DISCOMFORT IT'S DREADFUL!

LOOK—I'LL HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT HERE, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

GOOD GRACIOUS, SARA! IT LOOKS LIKE SPUNTERS' AND DIRTY SPECKS!

JUST COMPARE IT WITH THIS SOFT-WEVE WALDORF I ALWAYS CARRY SOME IN MY PURSE

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! SO CLEAN AND SMOOTH MORE LIKE, SORT CLOTH!

TWO WEEKS LATER

HELLO, POLLY! HOW ARE YOU JANET?

THANKS TO YOU AND THAT WONDERFUL SOFT-WEVE WALDORF I FEEL JUST FINE

AUNT SARA—MOMMY ISN'T CROSS ANY MORE!

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST TODAY—AND GET TO KNOW THE GREATER COMFORT OF Soft-Wave WALDORF

Waldorf Soft-Wave

feather bed of an immigrant almost feather by feather to make sure they got all the stones.

And you needn't think the members of the diamond squad never get off on a wrong scent, for they sometimes do. Usually, though, as in the following case, a lucky break will set them right. Mr. Pike was once sent to the Canadian border to meet a train on which two Philadelphia jewelers were traveling. One of the two had a wooden leg, so you can hardly blame Mr. Pike for thinking the little package might be in it. Mr. Pike had the man unstrap his appendage. Then he took it apart with a screw driver while the man looked on with an expression which seemed to say that it was the inspector, not he, who was having his leg pulled. Mr. Pike didn't find a thing in that wooden leg, so he went to the man's berth. Being unable to see very well, Mr. Pike reached for the light. It was one of those Pullman section lights which turn on automatically; when you pry up the lid, the bulb fastened to the underside lights up. But this one did not. So Mr. Pike looked to see what was wrong and found there was no bulb. There was, however, a gleam where the bulb should have been and it proved to be the shine of the white paper wrapping of a tiny package of diamonds.

THE hearts of these rugged men of the customhouse are often wrung when a lovely lady, dripping with sapphires, with a maid in uniform beside her, says she just didn't know she had to declare the ring they found in an inner compartment of her handbag. "Why," she'll say, "it isn't a new ring—it's an old stone I've had knocking around the house for years, and I just took it to Paris to have it remounted." And the other ring set all around with diamonds—why, that's her engagement ring. She's had it for years—simply ages—and she looks coyly at the inspector to see if he isn't surprised that she has been married so long. Or she may take the cold and haughty line and say to the inspector, her eyes widening, "Do you know who I am?"

Tactics of this sort are absolutely wasted on the hard-boiled inspectors. They are about as successful in haling suspicion as telling a bull not to mind a red flag that you're waving in front of him.

Nor do these charming ladies succeed any better in their attempts to find ingenious hiding places for the things they deliberately try to smuggle in. One woman had festoons of jewelry hanging on her underwear. Small pieces and single stones have been found hidden in such places as ears, under false hair, and in false teeth and dental bridges. And, as in commercial smuggling, it's an expensive gamble to take. Anyone who pays, say, \$500 for a ring abroad—and "forgets" to declare it, will, if he is caught, have to pay \$1,100 to redeem the precious bauble—\$300 duty and \$800 fine.

Out of half a million travelers landing in the Port of New York in 1936, 4,500 were caught trying to bring in undeclared merchandise of one kind or another. There are 500 inspectors and 500 guards on the watch for these amateurs. Obviously it is impossible to search all the luggage and the persons of approximately 500,000 people, but the men on the piers develop a keen faculty of detection and are often able to spot the smuggler even when there is no tip-off to guide them. A

(Please turn to page 21)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

NETTA HENRICH, 1129 S. Main St., Carthage, Missouri, tells us that this verse which she so kindly sends us was copied from a Denver T. M. C. A. magazine about ten years ago.

NOT THE DUCK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

*There are three tame ducks in our back yard,
Dabbling in mud and trying hard
To get their share, and maybe more,
Of the overflowing barnyard store,
Satisfied with the task they're at
Of eating and sleeping and getting fat.
But whenever the free wild ducks go by
In a long line streaming down the sky,
They cock a quizzical, puzzled eye
And flap their wings and try to fly.*

*I think my soul is a tame old duck,
Dabbling around in barnyard muck,
Fat and lazy, with useless wings.
But sometimes when the north wind sings,
And the wild ducks hurry overhead,
It remembers something lost and dead,
And cocks a wary, bearded eye
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in,
But it isn't the duck it might have been!*

WE think this is a splendid letter from Caroline Messersmith, 313 2nd Ave. W., Dickinson, North Dakota. "Through the kindness of a friend I got a chance to read THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE and I like it very much. Living here in the wilds we enjoy reading; in fact, it is our only pastime. I am enclosing a little poem which I love. During the years of drought here we surely have had to strengthen our belief and develop more faith and courage and hope. Coming from old pioneer stock, I have been able, I believe, to develop these qualities to a certain extent."

*Help Them those
Nailed upon the cross of adversity—
Hear their piteous woe.*

*Help Them those
Chained down by man's perversity,
Who must battle alone.*

*Help Them those
Whose way is long and steep,
With out some relief.*

*Help all those
The chains of doubt to keep—
Strengthen their belief!*

TO Opal Thomas of Broadbent, Oregon, we are indebted for this poem, which originally appeared in Good Housekeeping. I THOUGHT I LOVED THE NIGHT. I thought I loved the night, its mystery, Its enchantment. Remember, dear, how we Climbed, pausing and laughing, to the hill-tops Above the town, and how we would drop Phantom legacies on each small house twinkling.

In the valley, and guess the joy they'd bring, If they by unknown magic could come true; And how the stars closed in, and then—then you Would pick a handful for my crown, and we Forgot the little houses, lost in ecstasy.

I climbed the hill tonight and tried to play Our game. I said the words you used to say— But the lights went out and the night grew still.

When I went alone up to our hill, I thought I loved the night, but now I know That it was you. My dear, I miss you so!

—DELLA WEST BECKER

ROMANCE REMAINS

"THERE is no reason why men of 65 should not do as much work with the mind as anyone—and better work. Youngsters have their place and are necessary, but the experience and judgment of men over 50 are what give purpose and meaning to young men's efforts." So wrote Henry Ford on his 65th birthday back in 1928. And Mr. Ford is still actively engaged in his business. His remarks are significant when recalled at a time when you hear talk about "scrapping the old."

When he was more than 80, the great French impressionist painter Renoir said, "I am beginning to improve!" Titian continued to paint after he was 90. The late Andrew Mellon still headed one of America's largest corporations when he was more than 70. And George Bernard Shaw hasn't stopped writing, although he has passed the three-score-and-ten-year mark.

"Take all the experience and judgment of men over 50 out of the world," said Henry Ford on one occasion, "and there wouldn't be enough left to run it."

Life seems to have rich possibilities so long as men and women continue to feel young. "As I approve of a youth who has something of the old man in him," wrote Cicero, "so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of youth. He who follows this rule may be old in body but can never be old in mind."

Not long ago I attended a wedding breakfast. The bride was 55 and the groom was 60. And yet I felt real romance plainly enough—not the romance of youthful dreaming but of dreams come true. The bride was trim, and she carried herself with the air of one who has traveled extensively. The groom knew something of romance—the romance which accompanies accomplishment. Long ago he had built up a business only to see it, at its peak, suddenly fall. And now, at 60, he had re-established himself and succeeded again. Here was youth, living not in the spirit of anticipated success, but in vitality which, though once beaten, had reasserted itself and had again arrived.

Millet, who painted the famous "Angelus," used to tell his pupils, "The end of the day is proof of a picture." He meant that the soft light before night was the light in which to test the colors of a painting. And so it is that the gentle period before death is often the best by which to judge a lifetime. When the impulses and energies of youth have been converted into deeds and accomplishments, one can begin to see life spread out as a whole. And, as a critic judges an author by his sustained efforts rather than by brief and transitory brilliance, so we can form a fairer judgment of a man's character if we know his life beyond middle age.

Those who renounce energy at an early age deteriorate speedily. I have known men 40 years of age who were old—old because they had given up activity. But for those who retain their enthusiasm in their work, life continues to offer the possibility to be useful. And for them romance remains.

Alden Wilson

THE NEW FILMS

"THE SHOPWORN ANGEL"

Produced by MGM
Directed by H. C. Potter

CAST—Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, Nat Pendleton, Alan Curtis, Sam Levene, Eleanor Lynn.

SITUATION—Margaret Sullivan, actress and night club entertainer, has been wealthy Walter Pidgeon's girl for a long time. Then she meets James Stewart, a cowboy from Texas, when he comes to New York as a soldier (yes, it's a story of the World War period). Jimmy falls desperately in love with her, to the annoyance of Pidgeon. Maggie laughs it off to Walter, but Jimmy's devotion, and innocence get under her skin, and when



In "The Shopworn Angel," Night club entertainer Margaret Sullivan forgets her sophistication and shares Jimmy Stewart's ingenuous delight in the simpler things of life. Like, for example, this night at Casey Island when they take a trip through a crazy house and eat ice cream and hot dogs

on the night his contingent is to leave for France, he asks her to marry him, you ought to see the fireworks . . .

COMMENT—I herewith give you an innovation. I'm going to do my carping and hair-splitting in the first part of the review, instead of in the last, because I've been fuming ever since seeing the picture. What I mean is, why don't some of Hollywood's scenario writers hush up on their geography? Jimmy Stewart is supposed to be from Texas. He's a cowboy and talks about the vast open spaces, the scarcity of automobiles, and so on. Then he addresses a postcard to his pal back on the ranch—and to Austin, of all places in the State! Austin, as you no doubt know, is the capital of Texas, and that section definitely is not ranch country. It's agricultural, and it's the balliwick of politicians and Texas colonels—with Southern, not Western, accents.

As for the picture, it's a heart-tugger, with Jimmy Stewart giving his usual characterization of the shy boy, only more so, and with Walter Pidgeon turning in a perfectly grand performance. Margaret Sullivan hasn't the opportunity she had in "Three Comrades," but she can always be counted on for a good job.

The ending of the film is adventurous but satisfying. H. C. (Hank) Potter's direction is fine.

OPINION—A wow—at least for the ladies.

"I'LL GIVE A MILLION"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Walter Lang

CAST—Warner Baxter, Marjorie Weaver, Peter Lorre, Jean Hersholt, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg, Lynn Bari, Fritz Feld, Sig Ruman, Christian Roh, Paul Harvey, Luis Alberni.

SITUATION—Warner Baxter, American tycoon, becomes disillusioned when he realizes that he is liked only for his money. Jumping off his yacht while in a French port, he rescues derelict Peter Lorre from drowning, and tells Lorre that he would give 1,000,000 francs to anyone who would like him for himself alone. The next morning Baxter disappears in Lorre's tattered clothing, leaving Lorre his clothes and seeds of money in them. When Lorre starts to spend it, he is picked up by Luis Alberni, enterprising reporter, who learns of the man who would give a million. Editor J. Edward Bromberg makes a big story out of it, and the town starts entertaining every tramp it can find, hoping each will turn out to be the millionaire. Meanwhile, Baxter has met Marjorie Weaver, circus girl, and joined the circus, having fallen in love with Marjorie. But she, too, gives him a shock . . .

COMMENT—Walking out of the theatre where this picture had been previewed, I heard the comment, "That's the silliest story I ever saw!"

Well, it is farfetched, and played for farce, but it's fun. Peter Lorre has one of those dim-wit characterizations at which he excels, and he makes the most of it. And John Carradine, in a bit, is downright funny. But it's strange to see Jean Hersholt in such a small part—one which gives him no opportunity whatsoever. Marjorie Weaver is appealing, returning to the form she showed in "Second Honeymoon," her first picture, which brought raves from the critics.

One thing in the picture stumps me, however. Warner Baxter's chief moment of bit-

terness comes when Lynn Bari, his ex-wife, makes love to him only in order to get a job for her second husband. Later Warner learns that Marjorie Weaver has done the same thing to Fritz Feld in order to get money to bail him, Warner, out of the bastille. But he doesn't mind that. I suppose it's all a matter of whether it's done to you or for you. (Or so the writers seem to think.)

OPINION—Antidote for a dull evening.

"THE AFFAIRS OF ANNOBEL"

Produced by RKO
Directed by Ben Stoloff

CAST—Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball, Ruth Donnelly, Bradley Page, Fritz Feld, Thurston Hall, Elizabeth Risdon, Granville Bates.

SITUATION—Jack Oakie is press agent for movie star Lucille Ball. Being a pronounced screwball, Oakie drives Lucille nearly daffy with some of his stunts. Finally he persuades her to become a maid in the home of some crooks, just for the publicity, but the gag backfires when the crooks learn her identity and hold her as hostage. Oakie then goes wackier . . .

COMMENT—Leaning heavily toward the satire side, in the vein of "Once in a Lifetime," this laugh-getter lambastes Hollywood, in nut-house fashion. It seems to substantiate the oft-made statement that if you could put a roof over Hollywood, you'd have the world's largest bathhouse. Producers, directors, writers, actors, and press agents are here depicted as the biggest pack of dopes imaginable. But all that this proves to me is that Hollywood is a healthy community, because it can laugh at itself.

Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball really go to town in their roles, with Fritz Feld contributing a good bit as the high-salaried director whom no one will entrust with the job of making a picture.

OPINION—It scores.



In "I'll Give a Million," Millionaire Warner Baxter (right), dressed in derelict Peter Lorre's clothes, meets what he has set out to find—friends who are interested in him for what he has. His new friends are Marjorie Weaver and, so help us, Jean Hersholt

In "The Affairs of Annobel," Because movie actress Lucille Ball is to play the part of a housemaid in her next movie, publicity-wishy Jack Oakie gets her a real job as one. Then, in order to see her, he poses as a brush salesman. He's unhappy here because Lucille's mistress wants him to demonstrate a floor-waxing machine



HIDE AND SEEK

(Continued from page 19)

woman who evades questions, is nervous, and becomes angry with the inspector is probably hiding something, and anyone going in for a bit of amateur smuggling will do well to mind his manners, no matter what happens.

Non-smuggling travelers seldom resent even the minutest search, and it is the guilty ones who usually put on an act. One woman who got boiling mad at the inspector was sent back on board with a woman deputy, who stripped and searched her. Nothing was found, and she came back to the pier and sneered openly at the inspector. He kept his temper and, in spite of the fact that he still felt sure she had something she was trying to sneak in, he was about to pass her luggage against his better judgment, when, in a final oncover, his roving eye stopped at her hat. It was a draped turban, and deep in its folds he caught a gleam. Quickly but carefully he plucked at the gleam and brought forth a string of perfectly matched pearls. Was the lady's face red? It was not. She was a quick thinker and a fast worker. She snatched the necklace from the inspector and broke the string. By that deft gesture, she reduced the duty from 80% to 20% (this was before 1930). The inspector just laughed and let her get away with it. She'd have enough to pay as it was. The 20% duty plus the fine, or domestic value, would mean that her total investment in the pearls was just twice as much as it would have been had she been honest and declared them.

SOMETIMES, in the case of a woman, the inspector just guesses that she's trying to put one over. Often he knows. In commercial smuggling it is usually a fellow crew member or a business rival who tips off the Government, but in private or amateur smuggling, anyone, even to a member of the same family, may furnish the information and gain the reward. The informer gets 25% of the fine paid. Thus, if a person is caught trying to smuggle in a watch worth \$1,000, he has to pay the duty of \$600 and a fine of \$1,600. The informer's share of this, therefore, is \$400. And so informing is a paying business.

The informer may be a traveler to whom the person, in a burst of confidence, has confided his intention while coming over on the ship. But sometimes it is the clerk who sold the watch, brooch, or ring in Paris, Berlin, or Switzerland. The purchaser may have hesitated about the price, and the clerk advised hiding it so as to avoid having to pay duty on it. He may have told the buyer a good place in which to conceal it, saying he suggests it all the time to their customers. That's probably quite true, and as an informer he may have been collecting regularly in this way for some years. It may never occur to the would-be smuggler, when the inspector on the dock goes straight as an arrow to the place of concealment, that the helpful clerk in the Rue de la Paix is going to be well paid for his "good advice" and that he will have an excellent chance to chuckle over the whole profitable business. An informer may collect a maximum of \$50,000, but this, of course, would be most unusual, because it would mean that the article seized would have to have a domestic value of \$200,000.

All the informers, as has been pointed out, are not foreigners. Besides fellow travelers and unscrupulous shipboard acquain-

tances, there is another domestic variety. Let us suppose that a woman smuggles an expensive piece of jewelry safely through the customs and goes jubilantly to her home town, where she shows it to envious friends and boasts of her cleverness in evading the payment of duty. The story soon gets around and eventually reaches the ears of the local jeweler. He's sore, naturally, that she spent her money abroad rather than with him, and he's especially angry because she evaded the payment of duty whereas he has to pay it on what he buys for his stock. So he takes his revenge, and it's no meaner than the lady's own behavior. He reports the case to the American Jewelers' Protective Association, which, in turn, reports to the Government. Soon the lady has a visitor, and after a stormy interview she pays twice over for her purchase. The jeweler collects his 25% of the fine and makes almost as much as he would have made in profit if the lady had done her buying from him. All this may happen months, even a year, after the woman arrives home. Thus the smuggler can never feel safe, never be sure that a little adventure in dishonesty won't be found out.

SOME smuggling is done at the borders, of course. This usually involves cattle, alcohol, agricultural products, and aliens. Five hundred men in the Border Patrol guard over 5,000 miles of boundaries, annually question about 1,000,000 people, examine 500,000 automobiles, and arrest tens of thousands of aliens and smugglers each year.

It is the smaller and more precious merchandise—stones, watches, and narcotics—which come in through the regular ports. In 1936, 15,000 confiscations, with a total value of \$1,500,000, were made. The largest seizure of goods brought in by an individual—that is, a private traveler—involved the sum of \$160,000. The foreign price was \$50,000; the duty \$30,000; the fine \$80,000. Total \$110,000. Not a bad catch for an inspector whose salary is between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a year! And in November, 1936, 54 persons were indicted for attempting to smuggle a \$285,000 shipment of stones into the country.

It is inevitable that some of the professional smugglers should get nasty when apprehended, but you can't get one of the special agents of the customhouse in New York to talk about any such case.

"Aren't you ever threatened? Don't some of these smugglers—especially the commercial ones—get violent? Draw a gun, perhaps?"

Questions like that just bore the members of the diamond squad.

"Oh, we never pay any attention to threats," they say. And you can't get another thing out of them.

Diamond smuggling is on the wane, but that doesn't mean that the smugglers have all either turned honest or been jailed. Many have gone over into the jewelry smuggling business. When the diamond squad made things too hot for them, and when the lowered duty made the business less profitable (or rather, the risk less worth taking), the combines simply adapted themselves to circumstances. A man can hide as many as 1,000 watch movements or parts under his clothing, usually in a special wide belt or vest made for the purpose. The diamond squad is therefore concentrating on this newer business. It's all in the day's work to them, and though they're all industrious fellows, today they're watching the clocks.

try it-
AND YOU'LL
BELIEVE ME



There's only
ONE S.O.S for
cleaning pots and
pans like new

IT COSTS NO MORE
TO USE THE BEST!



DO YOUR OWN CANNING

"MODERN CANNING," new 48-page booklet, tells all about home canning of fruits, vegetables, meats. Describes most successful methods, temperatures, containers, seals. Includes 46 recipes for jellies, pickles, preserves. Send name, address and 10c to Homemakers' Bureau, Box 468-MC, Oakland, California.

HER MITES ARE RIGHT

(Continued from page 11)

Yellin devotes the top floor of her beautiful house to her dolls. Her primary interest is in period costume and headdress. She has about 500 examples. "Three hundred," she says, "are first-class. The others I'm gradually discarding as I become more discriminating, and replacing them with good ones." She owns Mrs. Heizer's George and Martha Washington and, small as they are, there is no detail of them which isn't perfect. Mrs. Yellin also has, among others, Mrs. Heizer's Henry VIII and her Dutch lady, who is remarkable not only for her black velvet and white lace ceremonial clothes but also for her serene expression.

Some time ago Mrs. Yellin wanted dolls which would show, in miniature, the evolution of American costume. So she asked Mrs. Heizer to make her three dolls (excuse me—figures) of the Gay Nineties, dressed for morning, afternoon, and evening. And now let's go back to Mrs. Heizer, in the studio of her New Jersey home, and see how she executes such an order.

IN the first place, time means nothing to her. Not only does she give long study to her own costume books and encyclopedias, but she also spends hours or even days poring over books in libraries. Perfection is her goal, and a single figure may take a month. Every bit of a doll is made to scale, and Mrs. Heizer starts by determining the scale of the finished figure. The proportions of the skeleton depend upon how many clothes the doll wears. Kings and queens, for example, must be slightly undernourished, as it were, so that all their bulky clothes will show up in proportion. Cleopatra or a Javanese dancer will have her body made exactly to scale because there are more uncovered than covered areas.

Each skeleton is of wire, and Mrs. Heizer makes it conform to as many measurements as a sculptor needs. Then she builds up the "flesh"—literally builds it up—with wadding and covers it with "skin." This skin is a fine white cotton crepe which is difficult to buy. Mrs. Heizer molds the head with the wire, wadding, and skin, creating the likeness as she goes along, for she has reduced the faces in the photographs she works from to a long list of measurements in fractions of inches. Some of the bits of stuffing are so tiny that they must be picked up with tweezers. She paints the body and face with opaque water colors and sets the figure aside to dry thoroughly.

The hair may be a tiny wig which Mrs. Heizer manufactures herself, or each hair may be actually sewn on to the head separately, depending upon the headdress. It may be put on first or last, but you may be sure there's never a hair out of place.

The figure is finally ready for clothes. They must not vary, even the garments which don't show, from the correct costume for the model, ancient or modern. And this despite the fact that Mrs. Heizer now makes the clothes so they don't come off. In filling the Yellin order for the three Gay Nineties figures, Mrs. Heizer found out just how the girls of that period dressed for morning, afternoon, and evening—how their underclothes, shoes, stockings, accessories, head-dresses, gloves, purses, and jewelry varied for different hours and activities. She searched for materials to correspond—and this brings us to another of Mrs. Heizer's problems:

Figured materials can rarely be used in their original patterns. Girls in the 1890's wore narrow striped shirtwaists in the morning. If you use material with that same narrow stripe for a miniature shirtwaist, it's all out of proportion, as the stripes look wide in the small garment. So Mrs. Heizer had to find exactly the right types and colorings of materials in much smaller patterns for the 1890 girls.

I COULD see so much detail in the costume of the afternoon girl, as I examined her after Mrs. Yellin had lifted her carefully from a glass shelf and removed her cellophane cover, that I wanted to exclaim over each minute gadget. She wears a plaid taffeta shirtwaist (small plaid, scaled from the flashy original) with leg-o-mutton sleeves. Her skirt is brown brocade, gored exactly as the originals were, with soutache braid edging the bottom. Her large straw hat is of the sailor type, and Mrs. Heizer crocheted that out of a rather stiff yarn. The hat trimming is varicolored ribbon ending in a bow in the back. Over the hat, tucked under the chin and fixed in the back with a "gold" pin about one sixteenth of an inch in size, is a dark veil. It is barely transparent, but by looking carefully I could see that the girl's face is beautifully molded and that her hair is dressed a la mode. Around her neck is a ruching of taffeta, and a tiny pin finishes the puffy back. Dangling from the left side of her waist is a "gold" watch on a brooch, which is about one quarter of an inch long. Her white gloves are stitched in black and she carries a little leather pocketbook. Underneath her skirt is a black taffeta petticoat, all shirred. Underneath that is a white cambric petticoat, flounced. Underneath that are the unmentionables of the 1890's. Her stockings are cotton and her shoes, painstakingly manufactured by Mrs. Heizer, are of the dressy oxford type.

You see what ingenuity is necessary to make these figures, and how much research must be done in order to know where the ingenuity must be applied? The Gay Nineties evening lady is a blonde and her hair is dressed in a fashionable figure eight. Her blue taffeta off-shoulder gown is lined throughout and her white pumps have bead bows.

When Mrs. Heizer had delivered the three figures of the previous century, Mrs. Yellin ordered one in the 1937 mode. This girl wears a tweed coat-suit, a hat showing the jaunty Tyrolean influence, and her hair is an amazing arrangement of the sausage curls which we have lately abandoned.

MRS. HEIZER has customers who rush to her with finds in the way of beautiful old materials, but she shakes her head. "I can't use any old materials," she explains. "When I make a figure of Richard II or Catherine of Russia or Queen Elizabeth, I must use only the finest and the newest fabrics. In the first place, the bulky original fabrics wouldn't drape on the tiny figures. I use a transparent velvet with short nap that gives the illusion of the elegant old velvets. What's more, I want to make the figures of those people as they were when they were alive, and their clothes were all new then, weren't they? So they must be new now. Besides, the clothes must last."

But Mrs. Heizer emphasizes that the clothes aren't supposed to be taken off and put on again, and that the figures should be kept

free from soil. Occasionally she has a repair job to do, and she was somewhat startled recently by the coincidence which, in one week, brought in two figures because they had lost their heads. They were Marie Antoinette and Mary Queen of Scots.

The jewels used by Mrs. Heizer are all made of infinitesimal beads, each sewn on. These beads come from odd little tradespeople in back streets in New York, and they supplied, almost head by head, the jewels necessary for King George's regal robes and crown. Incidentally, the ermine he wears is white velvet, and his train, 30 yards long in the original, is in exact scale.

KING GEORGE again brings us to Helen Hayes and portrait figures of living people. The contemporaries need not sit for Mrs. Heizer, as she prefers to study their general character and their mannerisms and then work from photographs. The figure of Miss Hayes was to be a surprise, anyway. Mrs. Heizer went to see "Victoria Regina" so that she could photograph the young Queen in her mind—and became so absorbed in the play itself that she photographed nothing. But she did get herself smuggled into the star's dressing room to take measurements of the gown—number of ruffles, distance between ruffles, width of skirt, and so on—and armed herself with a flock of photographs of Miss Hayes.

Then measurements. The distance from waist to elbow, from neck to bust, from skin to foot. Mrs. Heizer built up the figure and achieved a likeness that even had it in much of the charm which Miss Hayes radiates. But something was wrong. The error, evidently, had something to do with the proportions of the head. So small a person (only about five feet two), so small a head—ah!—Mrs. Heizer asked her customer what size hat Miss Hayes wears. The answer was 22½. That was the trouble—an unusually large head size. The change in the figure's head made a difference of only a tiny fraction of an inch, but it was the difference between perfection and a lesser standard. The figure stands now beneath a Victorian glass bell between two windows in Miss Hayes' country home, and Mrs. Heizer considers it the perfect setting.

PORTRAIT figures of brides are what actually started Mrs. Heizer doing real people. Her first bride wore the unbecoming short skirt of that interlude between postwar fashion and the graceful long skirt, and the figure is ludicrous now. It will only become "interesting" as time goes on and we stop laughing.

The ideal order, Mrs. Heizer considers, is one like the Lillian Gish figure. It is of a living person, but the costume is a fascinating one—that of the 1892 bicycling girl. The chief difficulty was the scale, for the subject was a fairly tall girl, rather thin, in clothes which, if not done exactly right, would look grotesque. But Mrs. Heizer worked the problem out successfully, and probably no photograph will call forth, in years to come, the spirit of Miss Gish's role in "The Star-Wagon" as this figure does.

In such creations as those of Miss Hayes and Miss Gish, Mrs. Heizer feels that she has found her métier. From now on she would prefer doing nothing but portrait figures of living people—either straight characters or actors and actresses in period roles.

But the doll collectors won't let her.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES

Hot...



**KEEP
COOL**

WITH

Fisher's

ORANGE

PEKOE

TEA

ONLY
FINE TEAS
AT FISHER'S



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



BLACKBERRIES HALTED THE BATTLE OF VICKSBURG!

DURING THE LONG SIEGE OF VICKSBURG IN THE CIVIL WAR, FREQUENT TRUCE WERE DECLARED SO THAT THE SOLDIERS MIGHT PICK BLACKBERRIES IN NO MAN'S LAND

FROM MRS. J. A. WEBER,
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\$10 PRIZE

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FLOWERS!
FOR ME?

WHA! FOR
MEAT!

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD—AND FOODS—
WERE IN FLOWER! IN MEDIEVAL
ENGLAND, MEATS WERE FLAVORED WITH
ROSES, IRISES, VIOLETS, AND OTHER
FLOWERS

ADD GERMAN
ECONOMIES

POT'S HOT! I CALL
A YALE OFF
A STEAK!

FROM MRS.
104 GUNTERSON,
4556 EIGHT AVE.,
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WHALE STEAKS—IN PLACE OF
VEAL— ARE BEING SOLD IN
GERMAN MEAT MARKETS



ADDED
AD
SEEN IN A
NEVADA
PAPER

FROM D. S. CHAPMAN,
FALLON, NEV.



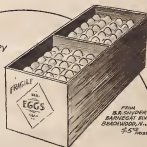
CORSETED PIGS MAKE BEST
PORK CHOPS? A KITTERY POINT,
MAINE, MAN HAS INVENTED CORSETS
FOR PIGS, CLAIMING THAT THE
STAYS ALLOW THE FLAVOR OF
FOOD AND FAT TO PERMEATE
THE MEAT MORE THOROUGHLY!

FROM MRS. BEALE D. MAXSON,
10002 WILLIAMSTON AVE., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

EGGSTRODINARY ITEM—

EGGS ARE
FLAVORED BY THE
CRATES IN WHICH
THEY'RE STORED!
THE FLAVORS INCLUDE
"ASPEN," "EXCELSIOR,"
"JACK PINE," "SPRUCE,"
"NEWSPULP," "STRAWBOARD,"
AND "WILLOW."
(ACCORDING TO CORNELL
SCIENTISTS WHO TASTED
THOUSANDS OF EGGS DURING
A THREE-YEAR EXPERIMENT)

FROM
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FROM
B. R. SWEETZER,
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\$5 PRIZE



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HAIR TONIC
TO INCREASE
GROWTH AND
RESTORE NATURAL
COLOR! IS MADE
FROM PORK FAT,
MUTTON TALLOW,
OLIVE OIL,
CAMPHOR, AND
BEAN OIL!
(U.S. PATENT
NO. 920,902)

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CARVING IS
THE SPECIALTY
OF STANLEY
COX, OF ARDMORE,
OKLAHOMA.
IVORY CARVINGS,
LIKE THE
HORSE'S HEAD
PICTURED HERE,
ARE FASHIONED
FROM ORDINARY
SOUPBONES WITH
THE AID OF A FILE
AND POCKET-
KNIFE



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